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Rock duo Lindsey Troy and Julie Edwards sound more badass than ever
BY EVE BARLOW
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THE HUNGER GAMES

L.A. landed the 1932 Summer Olympics in the middle of the Great Depression — because no one else wanted them

BY HILLEL ARON

As Los Angeles bids to host the 2024 Summer Olympics, its strongest argument is that the last time it did so, in 1984, the Games were more profitable than they’ve ever been. The event was staged on the cheap, in part because the city had passed a ballot measure limiting how much it could spend.

But the city also had experience, having hosted the Games already in 1932. That meant most of the venues, like the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, were already built.

The ‘32 Games, in fact, also were done on a tight budget. That’s because they barely arrived in time for the competition,’ writes Zimmerman. (This may explain why the Brazilian water polo team, after losing 7-3 to Germany, physically attacked the Hungarian referee. They had to be restrained by police.)

The Cubans weren’t as lucky. They were sent over with sugar. But when they docked in Galveston, Texas, they were told sugar prices weren’t high enough to cover their travel expenses. They were forced to turn around and go home.

Field hockey was the national sport of India at the time. They had won the gold in 1928, and were widely expected to repeat their victory in 1932, when only two other countries were even competing. But the team had trouble affording the trip. According to David Wallechinsky, writing in The Book of Olympic Lists: “When it came time to raise money to send a team to the Los Angeles Olympics, a journalist representing the Indian Hockey Federation approached Mahatma Gandhi and asked him to issue an appeal to the masses. Gandhi’s only reply was, ‘What’s hockey?’ Nevertheless, an Indian team did make it to Los Angeles, paying its way by playing exhibition matches in Europe on the way home.

Even some of the locals had a tough time. Here’s Wallechinsky again. “Club swinging was included in the gymnastics program the first two times the Olympics were held in the United States. The 1932 winner, George Roth, was unemployed and nearly starving in the midst of the Great Depression. He would go to the Olympic Village each day, collect some food and sneak it home to his wife and baby daughter in East Hollywood. After receiving his gold medal before 60,000 cheering spectators, Roth walked out of the stadium and hitchhiked home.”

Despite everyone’s overwhelming poverty, the Xth Olympiad was deemed a success. More than 100,000 spectators paid $3 each to attend the two-hour Opening Ceremony at the Coliseum, then known as Olympic Stadium (not in attendance was President Herbert Hoover, who became the first host nation head of state not to attend the Summer Games). According to Zimmerman: “As the 1,500 competitors filed out, the chorus of 2,000 voices sang the recessional ‘Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet ... Lest we forget ...’ The public address announcer asked the crowd to ‘please wait 10 minutes so the competitors can board their buses and depart.’ So the throng stayed and joined the band in singing popular songs with great gusto.

The United States destroyed its travel-weary competition, winning 103 out of 346 medals. Five-foot-seven Eddie Tolan set Olympic records in the 100-meter and 200-meter sprints, while Mildred “Babe” Didrikson won gold medals in javelin hurling and hurdles, and perhaps would have won the gold in high jump were she not disqualified for what judges deemed was an illegal technique.

But perhaps the real winner was Los Angeles, which renamed 10th Street Olympic Boulevard and got the Coliseum, which is still in use today and will host L.A.’s first NFL game in 22 years next month. Most important, the city didn’t lose money. As Zimmerman writes: “Considering the economic climate, even more startling was the fiscal phenomenon. Los Angeles paid off a $1 million bond issue to the State of California and still had a surplus of $206,000. Every Olympics before the Xth Olympiad and every one since it has finished in the red.”

That is, until the 1984 Games, which again were hosted by L.A. And again, it made a profit.
Freed from their major-label contract, blues-rock duo Lindsey Troy and Julie Edwards return sounding more badass than ever

By Eve Barlow

It’s rare to get puked on during an interview. But today, in an act of pure, unapologetic self-expression, Mira Pirrone spews up some off-white gunk over my hand in broad daylight, outside a bar in downtown L.A.

She does it without making a fuss, or a sound. The newest member of psychedelic blues-rock duo Deap Vally’s touring entourage is merely communicating the completion of a satisfactory dinner, as moments earlier she was nuzzling on mother Julie Edwards Pirrone during her latest feed.

At 7 months of age, the apple does not fall far from the tree. Mira, all smiles, with a ferocious passion for exploration, crawled around the band’s photo shoot earlier, then accompanied us to a post-shoot hang, opting for milk over tacos. Her act of regurgitation is proud, honest and so Deap Vally.

What strikes you immediately when you speak with drummer Edwards (formerly of L.A. duo The Pity Party) and her guitarist partner-in-crime Lindsey Troy (Janis Joplin-/soul-inspired blues singer since her teen years) is their straight-shooting, no-fucks-given attitude. The pair met five years ago at an Atwater Village knitting shop Edwards owned, where Troy was learning to crochet. Beyond the needles, their combined musical forces birthed a riff-heavy soundtrack for modern feminism, to which they’ve added their own tongue-in-cheek humor — hence the title of their forthcoming second LP, the beefy, growly Femejism.

"It wasn’t till we were being interviewed that we realized feminism was a huge talking point," Edwards says. "We just wanted to make heavy rock. So the line in [2016 single] ‘Smile More’ — ‘Yes, I am a feminist, but that isn’t why I started doing this’ — is literal. Too bad the F word still turns people off."

Between Edwards (seven years her bandmate’s senior, married and settled), Troy (newly turned 30, her life frequently up in the..."
and roll is this limited world where you have to be 18 years old, getting fucked up every night. Well, it’s time that moms didn’t feel marginalized by rock & roll. Moms can do more than clean poopy butts. I’m going on tour for them.”

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WHERE TO HOOK THE ULTIMATE SNOOK

Sergio Peñuelas takes his signature dish and more to Cheko El Rey del Sarandeado in Long Beach

BY BESHA RODELL

How far would you drive for a snook? Until recently, the answer to that question was simple: the distance between your current location and Coni’Seafood. House in a small, square building in Inglewood, that restaurant was — and remains — a pilgrimage destination, and the best answer to the perennial question “Where should I eat near the airport?”

It’s one of those food-world anomalies; a secret everyone shouts about that somehow remains underappreciated. And the highlight of an excursion to Coni’Seafood was often the pescado zarandeado, the Sinaloan specialty of whole grilled snook.

That dish was, until earlier this year, the work of chef Sergio Peñuelas, who’d gained a devoted following at Coni’Seafood and, before that, at Mariscos Chente. And grilled snook wasn’t the only thing Peñuelas was known for — we obsessed over his marlin tacos, beautifully salty, cheesy and almost austere, topped with one perfect slice of avocado; and we arrived with throbbing heads to slurp down generous bowls of camarones a la diablo, large shrimp swimming in a devilishly red broth. It was a sure way to cast out the most demonic of hangovers.

Coni’Seafood still serves many of these dishes, and they’re still worthy of an expedition. But Peñuelas is no longer cooking the snook — or any of the food. For that, you’re going to have to drive to Long Beach.

Cheko El Rey del Sarandeado is a colorful, aquatic-themed building a few blocks off Long Beach Boulevard, just west of the 710, and it’s here that Peñuelas has found a new home for his snook. Like Coni’Seafood, it’s an unassuming and inexpensive restaurant, catering to nearby workers on lunch break during the day and to families in the early evening (it closes at 8 p.m.).

Sitting under the life-size sea turtle suspended beneath the skylight, you’ll have the option to dine on shrimp in any number of ways: fried, grilled, sautéed in spicy butter or stuffed into tacos. There are also goblets of shrimp coctel, and if you so desire those goblets can be ordered full of sea snail, blood clam, scallop and abalone. Shrimp entrees here are similar to the ones Peñuelas made at Coni’Seafood. The “chef’s specialty” is pure comfort food: pan-cooked shrimp with bacon, mushrooms and crushed red pepper.

As for the snook (which takes 20 to 30 minutes to cook), it’s as good as ever. The whole fish is presented on a platter as big as a boogie board, flayed open and served with a bowl of grilled red onions and some limes for squeezing, its sweet white flesh ready to be wrapped in warm tortillas and gobbled greedily.

LIKE THE PARTY FOOD OF MY DREAMS, THE SMALL, CRISP, FRIED TOSTADITAS LOCAS COME TOPPED WITH “MARLIN PÂTÈ,” RAW SHRIMP AND OCTOPUS CEVICHE.

While you’re waiting for your pescado zarandeado, go ahead and order the shrimp aguachiles — butterflied raw shrimp arranged in a circle on the plate. Their flesh is bouncy and sweet, bathed in a vivid green sauce. Peñuelas’ marlin tacos are available here, too, though they seem a little more substantial than I remember, the marlin meatier and the cheese less overwhelming. I’d heard these tacos compared to a tuna melt, and while it’s true that the two preparations share some spiritual DNA, to me the current version is much more elemental — it has more brawn and less smooth.

Vying for the title of new Peñuelas classic are the tostaditas locas. Like the party food of my dreams, the small, crisp, fried tortillas come topped with “marlin pâté,” raw shrimp and octopus ceviche. The pâté, diplike in consistency, is smoky and deeply flavored — it’s a wonderful base for the ultra-fresh shrimp and octopus.

The ceviches and cocteles served here are stand-alone dishes — such as the ceviche Rey, made with jicamas, shrimp and octopus — tend to be incredibly mildly flavored, ready to be doctored with lime, hot sauce or ketchup. But when the chef gets creative, as with his tostaditas locas, Peñuelas’ cold seafood dishes rock.

As much as I love that snook, on my next visit to Cheko El Rey I might be tempted to order the langostinos instead, which are served in the shell, split open and bathed in a deep red sauce that sizzles with chili. It’s like eating six lobsters if lobster meat were less boring, one of those meals from which you emerge a little stunned, covered in sauce and seafood stink and happiness.

For all Peñuelas’ fantastic cooking, this is also a place to visit on a Sunday afternoon to eat a platter of oysters ($13 gets you a dozen) and drink stellar micheladas, served in glasses rimmed with a thick, spicy paste of chile and salt. It’s a neighborhood place, where the owner’s kids follow the waitresses around, where you can watch a soccer match and order a tub of six beers for $25. These attributes don’t necessarily make for destination dining, but they sure make Cheko El Rey a fun place to hang out.

And for tostaditas locas or that glorious snook, I’ll drive just about as far as I have to, from wherever I happen to be.

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**Fried Chicken’s Moment**

L.A.’s 5 Best Places To Get The Comfort Food

Are you sick of healthy food trends like kale salad and poke? If so, 2016 might be the year for you, a time when Los Angeles is rediscovering its torrid love affair with the wonderful magic that occurs when poultry meets hot oil.

That’s not to say this city isn’t already home to great fried chicken — shoutout to old-guard spots like Jim Dandy, Mom’s BBQ and Honey Kettle (and R.I.P. to Flossie’s) — but the recent explosion of really good chicken within the last year or two has been enough to make even the casual bird enthusiast take notice. Peak Chicken might not yet be upon us, but we are much closer to the summit than before.

A quick ground rule: this list is for purebreds, i.e., no restaurants serving fried chicken as a nightly or weekend special, no matter how delicious (Terrine, Ledlow, the Bellwether, Poppy & Rose, etc.). And yes, we probably missed your favorite spot, but everyone knows their mother’s fried chicken is No. 1 anyway. (For five more great fried-chicken spots, go to laweekly.com/squidink.)

### 5. Tokyo Fried Chicken

The family-style dinner sets at Monterey Park’s Tokyo Fried Chicken are a treat for the senses — like Mrs. Knott’s Chicken Dinner if Morimoto was brought on for a menu revamp. A standard meal at TFC might include chicken rice, crunchy pickled cabbage and fusion-y sides like curried cream corn, sweet soy yams or collard greens braised in dashi broth. But the star is undoubtedly the fried chicken, delicate and brittle-skinned, laid out on a paper-lined tray somehow devoid of grease stains. Chef Kouji Yamanashi marinated his birds in ginger, soy and garlic for several hours, then flash-fries them in bran oil for an audible crunch. The result is karage on steroids. Does anything go better with a drumstick than a Japanese craft beer? Probably not. 122 S Atlantic Blvd., Monterey Park; (826) 282-9829.

### 4. Gus’s World Famous Fried Chicken

The excitement was palpable when this Memphis export suddenly opened shop on the corner of Crenshaw and Pico. Spicy chicken! Fried green tomatoes! Pecan pie! B.B. King! And sure enough, Gus’s did disappoint. The sole type of fried chicken here is the spicy kind, distinguished by a deep rusty hue but much milder than what you’d find at, say, Nashville hot chicken spots. The crust is liberally seasoned, encasing the tender meat beneath a shaggy coat of breading, and as with the best fried chicken, the salty crunchy skin has a certain addictive quality that keeps you going back for more. 1262 Crenshaw Blvd., Mid-City; (323) 402-0232, gusfriedchicken.com.

### 3. Pok Pok L.A.

At Andy Ricker’s transportive Thai restaurant in Chinatown, the newest addition to the menu is the “Midnight Special.” It’s a convincing tribute to Chiang Mai’s most popular fried chicken vendor, Kai Thawt Thien Kheun, a late-night street vendor in Chinatown, the newest addition to the menu is the “Midnight Special.” It’s a convincing tribute to Chiang Mai’s most popular fried chicken vendor, Kai Thawt Thien Kheun, a late-night street vendor in Chinatown. The excitement was palpable when this Memphis export suddenly opened shop on the corner of Crenshaw and Pico. Spicy chicken! Fried green tomatoes! Pecan pie! B.B. King! And sure enough, Gus’s did disappoint. The sole type of fried chicken here is the spicy kind, distinguished by a deep rusty hue but much milder than what you’d find at, say, Nashville hot chicken spots. The crust is liberally seasoned, encasing the tender meat beneath a shaggy coat of breading, and as with the best fried chicken, the salty crunchy skin has a certain addictive quality that keeps you going back for more. 1262 Crenshaw Blvd., Mid-City; (323) 402-0232, gusfriedchicken.com.

### 2. Crawford’s

It’s unclear by what dark magic Crawford’s in Westlake is able to channel the cozy grunge of a dive bar without, you know, actually being a dive bar. Is it the frosty $3 mugs of Bud on draft? Is it the...
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Midnight at the Rainbow Bar & Grill

Midnight is boring on the Sunset Strip. Its bougie boutiques are lit up but long closed. Its parking always sucks. Just down the road, even the Playboy Mansion is only a shadow — its former proprietor living out his twilight years with a roommate and one final wife. The only young people outside are on the sidewalk by the Whiskey A Go Go. They’ve driven here from the subways to watch their friend’s band pay to play.

There are few remaining spots on this westward stretch of Sunset that have clung onto their original essential coolness by hiding in the folds of the hills. At the Chateau Marmont, your privacy will still be respected if you’re a starlet on a bender. At Book Soup, you can still get recommendations from a soon-to-break screenwriter. And at the Rainbow Bar & Grill, you can still party like (and maybe with) a rock star.

It’s always midnight in the dining room of the Rainbow Bar and Grill. It is especially midnight when it’s midnight here. Wrought-iron fixtures hang from the ceiling. There are red bulbs in the lamps and red rovites on the table. Multicolored Christmas lights are strung over extra-wide booths. Above them, shrines have been staged as tribute to some of the Rainbow’s famous denizens: Cheap Trick, Poison and Lemmy Kilmister of Motörhead, for whom the bar was a second home until his death in January.

I order the Sinful Sundae and a Jack on the rocks. My waitress is genuinely friendly to me, even though I’m taking up yet another “dolled” corner and warns against the sundae. “It’s just ice cream and whipped cream and chocolate syrup. That’s it. They make it sound so good. Sinful Sundae. You think there will be a brownie in it or something?” I get the cheesecake instead. George Thorogood’s “Bad to the Bone” pipes through this room that is both coke den and church.

Across the way, two young women, who have dressed up to be here, sit at a booth — and the weight of your questionable devotion to join the women at their table. He tugs at the table with his drumsticks. I stare, not because I recognize him but because I’m frustrated that I don’t. From outside, the smell of marijuana wafts in. It blends nicely with the sizzling mozzarella on the pizzas that are propped up everywhere on metal table stands.

Bacalao is solid — drizzled in chocolate syrup and whipped cream the way the waitress suggested it. The whiskey pour is generous and gets me warm right away.

The anonymous celebrity quotes Annie Hall now. “Did you eat? Jew eat?” The young women can must only blank, polite smiles.

“Dad,” says the struggling man to his captive audience, “Waitress! Keep ‘em coming!”

A woman in a flowing black dress through the attic’s hidden entrance. “There’s a jam session happening upstairs,” she tells us each. “Come on up. No cover charge.”

The steps to the attic of the Rainbow are crooked. The ceilings are low, and there is a full-length mirror fastened above the bar. Here, for better or worse, you can get one of the bar’s only well-lit full-body glimpses of yourself. Up! A wooden sign with painted hot air balloons directs me. All the way up the stairs, up past the restrooms, live bass and drum beats pulse through the attic’s hidden entrance.

This uppermost enclave of the Rainbow is cloaked in fisherman’s nets. There are ship’s wheels on the walls and heavy ropes dangling from the ceiling. A creaky wood ladder leads to a small loft within this loft — where a velvet entry rope dangles unlinked and two cocktail tables sit eerily unoccupied — lit with that dark prismatic Christmas lights. Beyond the tables is a tiny doorway to an even smaller space to sit. Outside this place to hide (within a place to hide), a wooden placard has been hand-painted with the inscription, “Lair of the Hollywood Vampires.”

The lair’s cabinet: Alice Cooper (president), Keith Moon (vice president), Bob Brown (treasurer), John Lennon, Ringo Starr, Harry Nilsson, Micky Dolenz (members).

Belushi ate his last meal at the Rainbow Bar and Grill. Guns N’ Roses filmed multiple videos here. The restaurant’s opening in 1973 was a party for Elton John. But the Rainbow’s eternal life springs not just from the royal blood of its history. It’s still a place where tonight’s five namesake musicians have juggled their gear across Sunset and through the Rainbow’s back stairwell in hopes that a few other loners will listen. The stage upstairs is awkwardly tucked below the audience. We are a small but attentive bunch, scooted as close as possible to the level’s edge. We peer through a split in the room at the five of them wailing on their instruments below us.

On their breaks, the musicians go directly from the stage to the back patio outside. This is where cigarette smoking is permitted, and even encouraged. The bar here is crowded. There is more pizza on stands and more drunks who need it. A young man in leather pants and a hip hat finishes licking the side of a blunt. An older man with pink skin and bleached hair joyfully stumbles back to what looks like his usual table. Cocktail waitresses with Manic Panic highlights wait near the service area to fill their trays. They gaze half-interested at the news story that plays out on the TV above the bar: Kelly Osbourne, a longtime regular, is being sued by Kelly Pugh, the mistress of her father, Ozzy (a Rainbow founding father).

At the entrance to the back bar, a guard, dressed in jeans and a well-tailored blazer, sits on a stool. He has an earpiece and quietly surveys the crowd. As people trickle in, he checks their IDs, then directs them to the hostess stand, where most of the light comes from a brightly colored aquarium. In it, a handful of fish float aimlessly through electric blue rocks and artificial plants. The fish themselves are all that’s changed in this lobby for years. The tank has remained the same. —Tess Barker
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Acts subject to change without notice. Tickets available at Ticketmaster.com.
Fair admission is included in the price of concert tickets. Ticket sales for all shows are final.
**COMEDY**

**Bad Jokes**

Besides being fightin’ words in many circles, *Comedy Sucks* is a multimedia variety show that challenges comedians to prove that premise wrong. Masterminded by Scott Blacks and featuring the best and/or worst in rare VHS clips from @midnight found-footage collective Grimy Ghost!, this time they’re using their clips in battle with comedians like podcaster Todd Glass, Playboy scribbler Jamie Loftus, Nigerian-turned-Angeleno Opeyemi Olagbaju, former jazz pianist Brent Weinbach and the Everything Is Terrible collective, which is no slouch when it comes to exhuming hysterical and surreal video clips that show just how far we’ve come and/or fallen as a civilization.

Nerdist Showroom at Meltdown Comics, 7522 W. Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Fri., Aug. 19, 7-8:30 p.m.; $10, $8 in advance. (323) 851-7223, holdmyticket.com/event/253486.

—David Cotner

**DANCE**

**Fest Coast**

It’s the more the merrier with two dance festivals this week: one established, one brand-new. After its Thursday opening, the 10-year-old MixMatch Dance Festival continues in Santa Monica with 40 troupes, spread over three more shows. After a decade staging this summer event, organizers Amanda Hart and her Hart Pulse Dance have developed a welcoming open-door approach to mixing up the local dance landscape. Each show has a blend of the well-known and the emerging, and styles ranging from high-energy hip-hop and contemporary dance to more introspective modern and postmodern efforts. A few miles east, the new West Hollywood Dance Festival concludes a week of workshops and classes with two shows led by Chad Michael Hall’s Multiplex Dance along with Tongue Dance Project, the Taiko Center and festival students. MixMatch Dance Festival at Miles Memorial Playhouse, 1130 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica; Thu.-Sat., Aug. 18-20, 7:30 p.m.; Sun., Aug. 21, 2 p.m.; $18. hartpulsedance.com. West Hollywood Dance Festival at Fiesta Hall, Plummer Park, 7577 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood; Sat., Aug. 20, 2 & 8 p.m.; $15-$20. multiplexdance.org.

—Ann Haskins

**LITERATURE**

**One for the Books**

Until 2006, only three African-American women had made the print version of *The New York Times’ Best Sellers List*: Toni Morrison, Terry McMillan and Zane. The erotic-fiction writer formerly known as Kristina Laferne Roberts is one of a slew of big names and celebrity authors who’ll appear at the Leimert Park Village Book Fair. Celebrating its 10th year, the fest also is hosting Bobby Brown, who recently released the autobiography *Every Little Step: My Story*; celebrity celibacy advocates Meagan Good and DeVon Franklin; and White House correspondent April Ryan. Put down whatever you’re reading and go.

Baldwin Hills Crenshaw Plaza, 3650 W. Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd., Baldwin Hills/Crenshaw; Sat., Aug. 20, 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; free. leimertparkbookfair.com.

—Gwynedd Stuart

**FILM**

**Zoot Suit Riot**

More than simply a swing-era throw-back, the zoot suit — a flamboyant outfit consisting of baggy trousers and a long, wide-lapeled coat — was adopted as a statement of pride and resistance in the 1940s by Mexican-American youth known as *pachucos*. *La Vida Pachuca* celebrates their culture and legacy with a screening of Luis Valdez’s 1981 film *Zoot Suit*, a theatrical account of the Sleepy Lagoon murder case and the subsequent Zoot Suit Riots of 1943. Cast members from the film will be at the event, which will also feature a pachuco dance contest, live swing dancing, a vintage fashion show, Mexican food and micheladas, and classic cars.

La Plaza de Cultura y Artes, 501 N. Main St., downtown; Sat., Aug. 20, 5 p.m.; free. (888) 488-8083.
FOOD & DRINK

Take a Dumpling

Part of the larger Nisei Week Festival, Day-Lee Foods World Gyoza Eating Championship seems lighthearted, but it’s actually an important stop on the speed-eating circuit. Cash prizes are awarded to the top 10 finishers, with $1,600 going to the fastest eater. The current gyoza-eating record: 384 in 10 minutes. Yes, gyoza are a choking hazard when eaten that quickly, which is why participants must be at least 18. Registration is closed for the competitive-eating portion, but for those who prefer to consume their dumplings at a more leisurely pace, there will be gyoza for sale. Japanese American Community & Cultural Center, 224 S. San Pedro St., downtown; Sat., Aug. 20, 2 p.m.; free. majorleagueeating.com/contests.php?action=detail&eventID=717.

—Katherine Spiers

FOOD & DRINK

This Land Is Island

From Pacific Island–themed museum exhibits to a general enthusiasm for fruity drinks with lots of garnishes, L.A. is in the throes of a tiki resurgence. One more excuse to play as if you’re in Polynesia for the night: Tiki Bash at Descanso Gardens. Hosted on the main lawn of the lush botanical garden, the evening features a luau-style live dance performance, tiki drinks such as the mai tai and Navy grog, and a full Hawaiian buffet spread with kalua pork, teriyaki chicken, mashed taro root and more. They’ll have to stuff an apple in your mouth when it’s all said and done. Descanso Gardens, 1418 Descanso Drive, La Cañada Flintridge; Sun., Aug. 21, 6-9 p.m.; $75. (818) 949-4200, descansogardens.org/event/tiki-bash.

—Gwynedd Stuart

FILM

Just Be Cosmic

In the mid-1950s, SoCal-based visionaries Ernest Norman and his wife, Ruth, established one of L.A.’s countless kooky, crypto-scientific spiritual organizations: the Unarius Academy of Science. Though its founding members have since departed the earthly realm, the group is still going strong and is currently the subject of a mind-blowing exhibition of photos, videos and related ephemera in the lobby of the Standard in West Hollywood. Women of Cinefamily’s closing-night party, We Are Not Alone — The Films of the Unarius Academy of Science, kicks off with the ceremonial release of 33 white doves from the Unarius’ signature spaceship-themed Cadillac. Co-presented by female-centric creative consortium the Front with the clothing line BB Dakota, the far-out freaky festivities culminate with the U.S. premiere of Jodi Wille’s documentary short We Are Not Alone, along with a glimpse at a gleaming 16mm-print of the Unarius’ own piece of outsider cinema, The Arrival (1980). Cosmic costumes encouraged. The Standard Hollywood, 8300 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; Sun., Aug. 21, 6:30 p.m.; free with RSVP to unarius@cinefamily.org, cinefamily.org.

—Tanja M. Laden
humble tales of auditions from hell, a common experience shared by all actors. Newman recalls auditioning for a TV show starring Bob Hope in the ‘70s, and for Martin Scorsese’s 1982 The King of Comedy, while reading with none other than Robert De Niro. Newman also looks back on working with Lily Tomlin, which led to her being discovered by Lorne Michaels. The Groundlings Theater, 7307 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Tue., Aug. 23, 8 p.m.; $10. (323) 934-4747, groundlings.com. —Siran Babayan

**ROCK LEGENDS**

**Lemmy at ‘em**

Lemmy Kilmister bestrode the Sunset Strip like a Colossus, and he presided over the Hollywood rock scene like a leather-jacketed king from his regular perch at his favorite local hangout, the Rainbow Bar & Grill. The longtime hard-rock bar hosted a tribute to the Motörhead singer-guitarist in January, following his death at his nearby apartment in December last year, but this evening the Rainbow presents a more fittingly eternal homage to the guttural crooner. Artist Travis Moore will unveil his life-size bronze sculpture of Lemmy in the bar’s patio, following a fundraising campaign to pay for the work that was championed by ardent fan and Hirax lead singer Karon W. De Pena. Rainbow Bar & Grill, 9015 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood, Wed., Aug. 24, 7 p.m.; free. (310) 278-4232, rainbowbarandgrill.com. —Falling James

**FILM**

**This Landis Your Land**

Sundance Film Festival senior programmer John Nein hosts the latest installment of the Library Foundation of Los Angeles’ film-themed conversation series, Lost & Found at the Movies. Past events have revolved around the roles of love, food and Los Angeles in film, and have included such guests as Kenneth Turan, Buck Henry, Miguel Arteta and Jonathan Gold. For tonight’s Lost & Found at the Movies: John Landis, A Man of Many Genres, Nein will interview the director of Animal House, The Blues Brothers, ¡Three Amigos! and Animal House. Johnny Saxon rejected fame, joined the Source Family cult and disappeared to live off the grid in Hawaii. Tonight, Hooper and the filmmakers answers questions following a screening of the fascinating Sowing the Seeds documentary Pushin’ Too Hard. The Canyon Club, 28912 Roadside Drive, Agoura Hills; Thu., Aug. 25, doors 6 p.m., movie 7 p.m.; $19.50. (818) 879-5016, canyonclub.net. —Falling James

**COMEDY**

**Funny Funny Stuff**

Since 2012, stand-up comedians Jenny Yang, Atsuko Okatsuka, D’Lo and others have been performing as part of the (mostly) all-female, Asian-American Disoriented Comedy. For a second year, the touring comedy troupe and the Japanese American Cultural & Community Center co-host the Comedy Comedy Festival: A Comedy Festival, which spotlights both big-name and emerging Asian-American comics from film, TV and the internet. The four-day schedule includes stand-up, sketch, storytelling, musicals and variety shows, and features headliners including Randall Park from the ABC sitcom Fresh Off the Boat, as well as actors from Dr. Ken, Crazy Ex-Girlfriend and Wrecked. Japanese American Cultural & Community Center, 244 S. San Pedro St., downtown; Thu., Aug. 25-Sun., Aug. 28; $10-$25. comedycomedyfest.com. —Siran Babayan
YOUNG WIVES TALES

Married stand-up comedians Cameron Esposito and Rhea Butcher have a new web sitcom — and a thriving family business in comedy

BY GWYNEED STUART

People like to say that the first year of marriage is the hardest. Comedians Cameron Esposito and Rhea Butcher are putting that pithy nugget of boomer wisdom to the test.

Six months ago, less than a month after they got hitched, the couple began work on their six-episode Seeso web series (which premiered Aug. 11). What they’d initially pitched to the subscription-based online comedy network was a stand-up/sketch show based on their weekly UCB Franklin showcase “Put Your Hands Together.” But once they sat down in the writers room, the show evolved into Take My Wife, a full-fledged scripted sitcom about their lives as coupled-up comedians. Juggling comedy careers and a romantic relationship while working on a show about juggling their comedy careers and a romantic relationship is a daring move for a pair of newlyweds.

At a Los Feliz coffee shop on a recent weekday morning, Esposito admits as much: “It’s so much stress and pressure on a relationship. It’s also the best because she’s the coolest and I trust her more than anyone but, good god, it’s terrible. And the best. It’s also the best.”

With her signature “side-mullet,” a hairstyle that’s served as a trusty setup for jokes about the obviousness of her sexual orientation, Esposito is easy to spot in the small café. She’s also, as always, wearing a leather motorcycle jacket even though it’s July.

She continues talking about the dynamic she and Butcher have as creative partners: “The thing that saves us is that I think we both want the same things put out there about our relationship and our careers. We both want to work for social change and also live good lives. We both want to have specific haircuts that make us look good on camera, then also make jokes that are political. I think we have a really shared vision on that.”

Take My Wife is “thematically autobiographical,” Esposito says, meaning that while the details have been tweaked, the story they’re telling is basically true. In episode one, an adoring if codependent Cameron is fed up with spending her days eating pho alone in her car and successfully convinces Rhea to quit her day job — as a graphic designer tasked with making fish sticks packaging look more appealing — to pursue comedy full-time. Minus, perhaps, the fish sticks stuff, that’s what really happened.

“A lot of the events on the show are from four years ago, when we moved [to L.A. from Chicago],” Esposito says. “I started to have enough career success where I could support us. I asked Rhea to basically join us for making a family business together. Time is money and she was working more than 40 hours a week as a graphic designer. I was like, ‘What if we took that time to put back into our business?’” In conversation, Esposito frequently refers to her and Butcher’s mutual careers in comedy as a “family business.” It’s equal parts pragmatic and romantic, which makes sense coming from a born-and-bred Midwesterner.

Esposito, who grew up in the suburbs just west of Chicago, is a stand-up comedian because she’s funny, of course, but also because it just kind of never occurred to her that she couldn’t be one. She got interested in improv in the early ’00s as an undergrad at Boston College, where Amy Poehler had cut her teeth. “When I was there, she was just emerging as a focal point on SNL,” Esposito recalls. “So it was this idea that like, oh, you just act like a banana for a while and then you’ll for sure be the star of SNL. I mean, I lived in the suburbs of Chicago, I was doing.”

We both want to have specific haircuts that make us look good on camera, then also make jokes that are political. I think we have a really shared vision on that.

—CAMERON ESPOSITO

When she moved to Chicago in 2006, Esposito broke into the stand-up scene in a similarly scrappy fashion. “I rented a theater called the Gorilla Tango on Milwaukee [Avenue]. … I was like, ‘I’m a stand-up comic, so I would like to put on a show here.’ They were like, ‘Yeah, you seem like a stand-up comic because you said you are,’ ” she says, poking fun at their indifference. Once she had the venue, she got on MySpace and started inviting local comedians to perform. To her surprise, they all said yes.

Esposito was hosting a weekly open mic at a dive bar called Cole’s when she met Butcher, an Ohio native who was getting a late-ish start in comedy. Where Esposito exudes a sort of manic energy onstage, Butcher is cucumber cool, almost deadpan. Esposito liked her style and invited her on tour; eventually, they started dating.

If Esposito’s career has had a guiding ethos thus far, it’s been to create opportunities for other women in comedy. When she was coming up in Chicago, the stand-up scene was dominated by men, as it is in most cities. She recalls: “There was this huge disparity between the number of dudes that were in stand-up and the number of chicks. For like the first year that I was doing stand-up, [comedian Beth Stelling] and I would be at open mics and then there would be 150 guys — those are real numbers.” (Stelling has also since relocated to L.A.)

In 2008, Esposito founded Feminine Comique — Fem Com, for short — a six-week comedy course for women, which culminates in a graduation showcase. (Full disclosure: I’m a graduate of the course, though not under Esposito’s tutelage.) There’s instruction in joke writing and how to build a “tight five,” but even for women who don’t want to pursue comedy in any serious way, it’s a crash course in standing up, being heard and getting the chance to be vulnerable in front of a roomful of strangers. To date, more than 400 women have graduated from the Fem Com program.

In the first episode of Take My Wife, a male podcast host (played with smug aplomb by Jon Ray of The Nerdist Podcast), asks the timeworn question: “What’s it like being a woman in comedy?” “Oh, this is my favorite question,” she replies sarcastically. “I think it’s a lot like being a woman in any profession — except maybe less dick jokes actually?”

Over the course of our coffee shop conversation, Esposito answers the question in earnest: “Being a female comic is constantly exposing yourself to people judging you on your body, and your face, on the way that you stand, on the tone of your voice. All of these things and outlasting it, running that gauntlet and knowing that you still have something to say, I think, is why women are so strong.”

Now that their show about being married people has wrapped, Esposito and Butcher can go back to just being married people — and building their stand-up empire.
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A class action lawsuit has been filed against JS Dreams, Inc. and Cristcat Calabasas, Inc., which are both referred to as the Defendants. The lawsuit alleges that the Defendants willfully violated a federal law by printing credit card and debit card expiration dates on receipts provided to customers at the Johnny Rockets Calabasas Restaurant. The law the Defendants are alleged to have violated is the Fair and Accurate Credit Transactions Act (“FACTA”).

What is a Class Action?
In a class action, one or more people called Class Representatives sue on behalf of a group of people (referred to as the Class) who have similar claims. One court resolves the issues for all of the people who are a part of the Class (referred to as Class Members), except for those people who exclude themselves from the Class.

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What Is Being Sought By This Lawsuit?
The lawsuit seeks to recover statutory damages in the range of $100-$1,000 for each electronically printed customer receipt provided to Class Members on which receipt their credit card or debit card expiration date was printed. The lawsuit also seeks other remedies such as attorneys’ fees and costs. The Court has not yet decided in favor of either the Class or Defendants, although default has been entered for those people who exclude themselves from the Class.

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What Are My Options?
If you are a Class Member, you have the following options: (1) remain in the class and submit a claim for up to a $50 payment; (2) do nothing and do not receive any payment from this settlement but remain in the class; (3) exclude yourself from the Class and settlement; (4) remain in the Class and object to the settlement; (5) remain in the Class and ask the Court for permission to speak at the fairness hearing. If you remain in the Class, you will be bound by all of the Court’s orders and judgment. Staying in the Class also means that you can sue or be part of any other lawsuit against any of the Defendants and certain other persons or entities about the issues involved in this lawsuit and settlement. You will not be responsible for any out-of-pocket costs or attorneys’ fees concerning this lawsuit if you stay in the Class. If, however, you would like to exclude yourself from this lawsuit and settlement, you must send a Request For Exclusion postmarked no later than October 11, 2016. For further information about this lawsuit and settlement and your options, you may visit the website or call the toll-free number listed below.

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NICE PAINT JOB

ARTISTS FROM KENNY SCHARF TO JONAS WOOD CUSTOMIZED CARS FOR A DOWNTOWN SHOW

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

This week, customized vintage cars fill a downtown gallery, and a man who believes he’s Hitler appears via video in a dark group show.

Car culture

Venus Over Los Angeles’ current show is called “Piston Head II,” and it’s full of artist-altered cars. The show is kind of like a personality test and, if you’re an art buff, it’s fun to guess which artist tweaked which automobile. You’ll pick out pop artist Kenny Scharf’s cartoonish Pontiac Grand Ville right away; its pink shark fins have big grins and wide eyes. Jonas Wood, the L.A. artist who’s bookish in a flat, cool way, covered a Volvo wagon in tiger stripes. There are cages inside of the big, old bus that Sterling Ruby painted so that graffit is visible beneath dark matte paint. 601 S. Anderson St., downtown; through Sept. 10. (323) 980-9000, venusovermanhattan.com.

Bogeymen

Artist Alban Muja’s video Germans Are a Bit Scared of Me features a man who claims he’s Hitler walking around his Kosovo hometown with that notorious mustache on his face. The alleged Hitler charges 40 euros for a photo but otherwise seems mostly affable. Muja’s video appears in the current group exhibition at Nicodim Gallery. Curated by Aaron Mouton, the show references darkness, vampires and deviance — at every turn and sounds somewhat like a seedy dance club when all the videos are playing at once. The short, looping film by Church of Euthanasia shows porn footage beside images of the World Trade Center towers falling down. Max Hooper Schneider made five figures, some with worms encased inside their resin bodies. One lies on the ground on top of AstroTurf and inside a coffin-shaped Plexiglas box. Live worms crawl over his naked, orange-colored body. Mouton’s press release suggests the show, full of its monsters, has a political relevance in this election season: “Which Bogeyman will you vote for?” he asks. 571 S. Anderson St., Ste. 2, downtown; through Aug. 20. nicodimgallery.com.

Park party

Patrick Shearn’s Liquid Shard installation above Pershing Square is a kinetic sculpture, which sounds high-tech, but the piece reads as delightfully low-tech in person. Shearn attached silver Mylar streamers to a wire armature, and the ribbons of silver undulate above the heads of parkgoers, looking like an especially large, precarious party decoration that could easily blow away. 533 S. Olive St., downtown. laparks.org/pershingsquare.

Viral phenomena

The Streisand Effect got its name in 2002, when Barbra Streisand tried to suppress photos of her Malibu residence. Her suppression attempt only led to more attention. Artist Dena Yago is interested in what happens when information is disseminated or popularized for wrong, or unintended, reasons. Yago, whose paintings appear in the Hammer’s “Made in L.A.” biennial, will talk about such phenomina with designer/shop owner Rachel Berks. Last year, Berks started selling a shirt that looks like a 1970s design, so who owns which images? When is something considered intended, reasons. Yago, whose paintings appear in the Hammer’s “Made in L.A.” biennial, will talk about such phenomena with designer/shop owner Rachel Berks. Last year, Berks started selling a shirt that looks like a 1970s design, so who owns which images? When is something considered appropriated? And how does celebrity involvement change, or corrupt, an idea? Berks and Yago will be joined in conversation by Sean Monahan.


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In Jerry Lieblich’s cryptic play *D Deb Debbie Deborah*, a young urbanite begins questioning both the nature of reality and her own sanity when the physical features of both her lover and her employer — their height, weight, hair color, the whole kit and caboodle — alter radically, again and again, over a short space of time.

Deb (Jenny Soo) — who, not coincidentally, has recently been robbed of her wallet, cellphone and laptop — is having a conversation with her boyfriend, Karl (Greg Nussen), when he excuses himself to change clothes for a gala event he’s attending that evening. He emerges from the bedroom as, literally, a different person (played by Travis York). Deb reacts — although she pretends not to notice — while Karl seems entirely unaware of his transformation, and their conversation continues as if nothing untoward had occurred.

The same phenomenon takes place the following day when Deb’s employer Mark, played by York, leaves the room and Nussen emerges in his stead. The dialogue between boss and underling carries on as before, with the former imposing his neurotic will to power on his polite and hapless assistant, insisting on changes in her body language and demeanor (put your elbows on the table, speak with a British accent and so on). In later scenes, the role of Mark is assumed by other performers (Alina Phelan and Kerr Lordygan), while the role of Victoria, Mark’s former assistant, is split two ways (Phelan and York).

This sort of exchange transpires throughout the show’s 90 minutes, which feature a couple of engaging scenes (Mark’s harassment of Deb being one of them) executed by an adept ensemble under Doug Oliphant’s direction. Soo, who underplays to advantage, gives a well-etched portrayal of a young and vulnerable person in the big city; the performance is the production’s greatest asset.

The rest of the ensemble’s members get to strut their stuff in a satiric sequence of an art gallery opening, in which the pretentiousness of several personalities is drolly on display.

But Lieblich’s device, wherein a character disappears from view, then pops up in another body, soon wears exasperatingly thin. It’s not as if Deb, the hub of the action, learns different things about her own identity from these events or gains any more insight into the people around her. At most, the play seems to tell us that human behavior is pretty much the same, regardless of its packaging.

**STOLEN IDENTITY CRISIS**

*BY DEBORAH KLUGMAN*

In Jerry Lieblich’s *D Deb Debbie Deborah*, the device of a shape-shifting ensemble wears thin quickly.
THE BROS OF WAR

Jonah Hill is loosed in War Dogs, but the comedy has too much Hangover

BY CHRIS PACKHAM

Once, American comedies concerned underdog heroes who challenged the status quo and seized the territory of the upper-class characters who thought they were in control. Slobs vs. snobs. During the wartime administration of the lesser President Bush, the wealthy thoroughly dominated the culture, occupying America the way the army patrolled Baghdad and transforming the economy into an elevator that moved all the money up to the people who needed it the least.

So the 1 percent also moved to the center stage of mainstream comedies, most notably in director Todd Phillips’ Hangover trilogy, a triumphalist celebration of rich, white douchebaggery in which a group of down-punching twats defends its status against shrill women, foreign weirdos and lowlife criminals. Phillips pulls that thread even further in War Dogs, his attempt at a more dramatic, reality-based comedy. It’s the ostensibly true story of a pair of 20-something bros who became wealthy arms merchants in 2008 by selling weapons to the U.S. military.

That’s not to suggest that David Packouz (Miles Teller) and Efraim Diveroli (Jonah Hill) are fictional; their story was first reported by Guy Lawson in a sprawling 2011 Rolling Stone feature. But they might as well be. The film’s tidy script, co-written by Phillips, is transparently constructed from the beats of better films and assembled into the “Save the Cat” screenwriting format that dominates mainstream Hollywood output. The setup, narrated by Teller, echoes Goodfellas, kind of the way The Monkees’ Head echoed A Hard Day’s Night. The trajectories of its characters are telegraphed by the enormous poster of Tony Montana that dominates Efraim’s office.

After the failure of his business venture selling Egyptian cotton sheets to nursing homes, part-time masseur David partners with his charismatic childhood friend Efraim, who drives a fancy car, carries a fat roll of hundred-dollar bills and snorts cocaine by the pound. He explains his income source to David: After the mediaouted the government favoritism of Dick Cheney-connected military contractors, Congress required the Department of Defense to solicit bids on weaponry from the open market. The Pentagon complied with an eBay-like website for weapons suppliers. Efraim works as a middleman, buying guns and gear on the cheap from a global network of sources and arranging delivery straight to Middle East combat theaters.

David learns the trade and takes a 30 percent stake in the company. Their big break comes after an order of Berettas bound for Iraq gets stuck in Jordan; when a general threatens to blacklist their company, David and Efraim personally smuggle the guns over the border. This business success eventually draws the attention of Henry Girard (Bradley Cooper), a creepy arms merchant on the terror watch list who wants to use the pair to move a gargantuan shipment of Chinese-made bullets to Afghanistan. The deal will make them ridiculously rich.

The film’s breezy drive and bursts of comic energy largely divert attention from the flatness of its world and characters. David’s wife (Ana de Armas), an underdeveloped, personlike construct typical of the women in Phillips’ movies, serves basically as a moral traffic light, registering either warm approval or emphatic denunciation of David’s actions. But even David, the viewpoint character, is barely developed.

Good news, though. Here’s the part where we get to talk about Jonah Hill, who heaves War Dogs onto his back the way those terrifying, osteomuscular World’s Strongest Man competitors carry refrigerators, and absolutely tears past everyone else on the field, leaving his co-stars and director coughing in a Road Runner-ish wake of dust. When people tell you War Dogs is good — like, really good — what they mean is that Hill’s performance is nuanced, funny and sharply observed. It doesn’t hurt that Efraim is the script’s best and only complete character. What is his favorite film? What does he like to eat? Does he have any hobbies? The film offers answers to all three: Scrface, cocaine, sex with hookers.

A charmingly disarming persuader, Efraim figures out exactly what other people need him to be and then embodies it. To a rich uncle who invests in his business, he’s a devout Jew and a hardworking entrepreneur. To David, he’s a great friend and a straight-shooting business partner. In reality, Efraim is none of those things — he’s a coke-snorting libertine with epic appetites, a self-dealing liar, a betrayer of friends and family, and an unapologetic cheat. Phillips’ heaviest challenge was to convincingly show Efraim’s transformation from a crowd-pleasing scoundrel into the third act’s chilly sociopath, and the film’s greatest pleasure is watching Hill execute it.

The downfall of David and Efraim is preordained and satisfyingly related, but the director can’t quite bring himself to go full Henry Hill with a downbeat ending. The script delivers an unambiguous, ficitious and creepy epilogue in which Phillips mugs Cooper visits David like a direful angel, offering a final benediction in the form of a briefcase full of cash. A better director would have dumped it in the editing bay or exaggerated for satirical effect. Does Phillips realize it’s the same ending as Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory? The salvation of money provides a Bush-era redemptive coda that might make Dick Cheney, swaddled in Egyptian cotton sheets, feel the racing of his meager pulse.

WAR DOGS | Directed by Todd Phillips
Written by Stephen Chin, Phillips and Jason Smilovic | Warner Bros. | Citywide

SHELL SHOCK AND SYNTHS MAKE FOR A MOODY THRILLER IN ALICE WINOCOUR’S DISORDER

Ben Kingsley has spoken many words of wisdom in his lifetime, few more insightful than when he told the Observer earlier this summer that, when a male actor is directed by a woman, he “is almost given permission to be vulnerable.” In Alice Winocour’s new feature, Disorder, which lays bare the emotional scars of PTSD, actor Matthias Schoenaerts is a case in point as he delivers a complex performance — sometimes violent, sometimes disorienting, and, yes, even sexy — as a man unlike any action hero in recent memory.

While others’ Achilles’ heels are hidden until the third act, Schoenaerts, as reluctantly retired soldier turned bodyguard Vincent, is a raw nerve from the outset. He’s eventually tasked with watching Jessie (Diane Kruger) and her young, silent son, Ali (Zaïd Errougui-Demonsant), at their large house for a few days, but it’s difficult to fathom how he’ll make it through the night — let alone the weekend — without snapping.

It’s in the inevitable fight scenes that Winocour really showcases her talent for restraint, opting for a tight, suffocating framing of simple but startlingly brutal sequences made all the more effective by her attention to an atmosphere that accretes steadily as Vincent approaches his breaking point. She elevates the action hero beyond his physical assets, drilling through his psyche to offer a rare and welcome lens into a type of man usually reduced to stoicism or sulking, hiding behind a rubber mask. —April Wolfe

DISORDER | Directed by Alice Winocour
Written by Winocour and Jean-Stéphane Bron
Sundance Selects | Royal
The Professional
Natalie Portman's Debut as a Director is Thoughtful, Inspired and Not Quite Focused

By Alan Scherstuhl

Natalie Portman proves herself a filmmaker of intelligence, ambition and inventiveness in her debut as a director and writer — just not one who is always certain as a storyteller. A Tale of Love and Darkness adapts, with a passionate somberness, several threads from Amos Oz’s autobiographical novel of the same name, and it’s excellent in many individual moments, focused on states of mind and states of states. The ostensible protagonist is 8-year-old Amos (Amir Tessler), an-...
THE UNCERTAIN IMPERIUM SENDS DANIEL RADCLIFFE UNDERCOVER AMONG WHITE SUPREMACISTS

T he central conceit of Imperium — Daniel Radcliffe playing an FBI agent who goes undercover as a white supremacist — is laughable, and the film, to its credit, knows this. Harry Potter as a skinhead? Don’t worry, that’s all part of the plan. Well, maybe. Writer-director Daniel Ragussis tries to work a weird mixture of ridiculousness and outrage. He doesn’t really succeed, but you have to admire the effort.

“There’s only one essential ingredient to fascism. It’s victimhood.” Those lines are spoken at the very end, but the preceding narrative, and Radcliffe’s performance, bear them out. Agency bigwig Angela Zampero (Toni Collette) is convinced that the recent disappearance of six canisters of cesium has something to do with a popular right-wing author and radio host named Dallas Wolf (Tracy Letts, looking like Rush Limbaugh and sounding like David Duke). Certain that American neo-Nazis are planning a terrorist attack, Angela convinces Nate (Radcliffe) to pose as an Iraq vet and chemical-weapons expert to infiltrate the white nationalist underground and take down Wolf.

Radcliffe’s earnest dorkiness lends a lively tension to Nate’s initial forays into the world of white supremacists: He doesn’t quite fit with all their aggro bravado, and watching him try is somewhat entertaining. And the kid is smart, too: Nate taps into the animating spirit of extremist types and conspiracy theorists everywhere — that there’s secret knowledge out there, hiding beneath the everyday, and you just have to be smart enough to put it all together. But the film never develops much suspense, and the world that Nate and these skinhead losers inhabit feels too paltry and underdeveloped. —Bilge Ebiri

IMPERIUM | Written and directed by Daniel Ragussis
Lionsgate | Ahrya Fine Arts and on-demand

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IMPERIUM | Written and directed by Daniel Ragussis
Lionsgate | Ahrya Fine Arts and on-demand
Asylum's soundtrack and storytelling are leaden, but the film is riveting nonetheless, thanks to Fouce's interviews with Anne's surviving playmates and potent footage of the details of the Holocaust. At the end, Fouce turns at last to the cruel of her exploration: the contention that Anne Frank might be alive today had her family achieved asylum. She would be an 87-year-old woman, perhaps with children and grandchildren, maybe even living in America. Had she not perished at Bergen-Belsen, we might not even be privy to her diary. Her father had kept it for safekeeping every night in the Amsterdam attic where they hid, promising he wouldn't pry. He never did, until he learned of her death, which he'd so desperately tried to avert. (Daphne Howland)

**NEVER**

The unmoored millennials in Brett Allen Smith's moody debut feature click easily but barely connect. Denim (Zachary Booth) is part of the vaunted creative class, a graphic designer in an open-plan, postindustrial office space filled with sleek laptops and fresh-faced worker bees. Recently arrived in Seattle, he's meeting new people thanks to his chipper, flirtatious co-worker Meghan (Nicole Gale Anderson), including introspective singer-songwriter Nikki (Zelda Williams), who works days as a barista. Writer-director Smith uses these indie-film clichés as the backdrop for a tale of unrequited love. Denim's struggles become bigger than any his demanding zeal. Kraume envisions Bauer as so isolated that he's created the fictional prosecutor Karl Angermann (Ronald Zehrfeld) to be his worshipful, incorruptible ally. This portrait of Bauer as a white knight honor-bound to save Germany's soul glosses over the survival skills he developed as a gay, Jewish socialist. By focusing on his subject's unwavering moral certainty, Kraume denies his ethical complexity and diminishes the difficulties of his challenging stance in order to educate the society that wanted him dead. (Serena Donadoni)

**RICHARD LINKLATER: DREAM IS DESTINY**

Richard Linklater is one of our most down-to-earth filmmakers, but he's also pretty out there. Louis Black explores the casual philosophizing of his subject's work in Dream Is Destiny, an admiring documentary that wisely lets Linklater do most of the talking in his plain-spoken, unpretentious manner. Of his success, the writer-director says merely that he was "definitely born at the right moment" for Slacker (and, by extension, his entire career) to take off the way it did. There aren't any scoops here, though Linklater does cope to agreeing with Cassavetes' conception of film as a parallel world preferable to the real one — a melancholic note in an otherwise sunny worldview. Black doesn't break the documentary mold, relying heavily on archival footage and testimonials from frequent Linklater collaborators such as Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy; unlike Noah Baumbach and Jake Paltrow's The Palm, however, Dream Is Destiny is occasionally nice to look at when it isn't showing clips. It's also the rare documentary in which you actually believe that all its interviewees only have positive things to say about
### Neighborhood Movie Guide

**Hollywood & Vicinity**

#### Arena Cinema

- **Pacific Heights to Next Egyptian Theater**
- **TCL CHINESE 6 THEATRES**
- **Café Society**
- **Star Trek Beyond**

#### Pacific Palisades

- **TCL Chinese Theatre**
- **Star Trek Beyond**
- **Pacific’s The Grove Studio**
- **Exhibition on Screen: Painting the Modern World**

#### Los Feliz

- **LAEMMLE’S GREAT ARTS THEATER**
- **Absolutely Fabulous: The Movie**
- **RiffTrax Live: Mothra**

#### Sunset Strip

- **LAEMMLE’S ROYAL THEATER**
- **The People Vs. Fritz Bauer**
- **The Secret Life of Pets**

#### Beverly Hills

- **WCMX**
- **LAEMMLE’S MUSICAL HALL 3**
- **The Secret Life of Pets**

#### Cinerama Dome

- **CINEMA 18 & XD**
- **Prisoners**
- **Bad Moms**

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- **PG-13**
- **R**
- **NC-17**

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**Rating System:**

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- **PG**
- **PG-13**
- **R**
- **NC-17**

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With the dog days of summer now fully upon us, the Aero’s Welcome to Camp Void 35mm triple feature couldn’t be more perfectly timed. Anyone familiar with Scream’s opening segment knows that the machete-wielding Jason Voorhees isn’t the villain in the original Friday the 13th, but there’s still something troubling afoot at Camp Crystal Lake; ditto Summer Camp Nightmares’ Camp Rolling Hills, though the latter two lace their horror overtones with darkly comic sensibilities. Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Fri., Aug. 19, 7:30 p.m.; $11. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecal.com.

Kate and Laura Mulleavy, those sartorial sisters of Rodarte, present Suspicia as part of Women of Cinematic Family Weekend. Dario Argento’s defining work remains the gold standard of giallo nearly 40 years later, which means the purported remake starring Tilda Swinton and Dakota Johnson has much to live up to; who knew ballet and witchcraft paired so well? DJ Muktah Mohan of Honey Power and KXLU show Persistence of Memory will provide a live score. Cinefamily/Silent Movie Theatre, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax; Fri., Aug. 19, 11 p.m.; $14. (323) 655-2510, cinefamily.org.

At the Nuart everything is fine. Look for Eraserhead on the marquee and subject yourself to David Lynch’s debut, which has lost none of its unsettling poignancy in the decades since it put the singular auteur on the marquee and subject yourself to David Lynch’s debut, which has lost none of its unsettling poignancy. Nuart Theatre, 1272 Santa Monica Blvd., West L.A.; Fri., Aug. 19, 11:59 p.m.; $11. (310) 473-8530, cinefamily.org.

If binge-watching Stranger Things on Netflix has you jonesing for some genuine throwback fare, there’s always The Goonies. ArcLight Hollywood invites you to join the whole gang as they seek to unearth One-Eyed Willy’s treasure, with all the truffle shuffles and whimsical childhood adventuring that entails. For added authenticity, this matinee screening is being projected on actual film, because 35mm never says die! ArcLight Hollywood, 6360 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., Aug. 20, doors 7:15 p.m., movie 9 p.m.; $16. (323) 221-3343, cinesipa.org.

The New Beverly has always understood better than anyone in town that an essential part of old-school movie playing is the sense of immersion, and Texas. The screenplay, by Taylor Sheridan (Sicario), examines two sets of determined men: Toby and Tanner Howard (Chris Pine and Ben Foster), dirt-poor brothers driven to a desperate spree of bank robberies by the impending threat of foreclosure; and Texas Rangers Marcus Hamilton and Alberto Parker (Jeff Bridges and Gil Birmingham), the veteran law enforcers assigned to the case. But Mackenzie and Sheridan (who grew up in West Texas and has an ex-U.S. marshal for an uncle) are far more interested in exploring the men’s off-the-clock behavior, surfacing the plight of both pairs with a faded melancholy. Hell or High Water’s deliberate pacing gives it the feel of a heist story with its feet stuck in mud — and that’s a good thing. When the movie just sits with the characters on front porches or in backyards, Mackenzie’s generous, hands-off approach with his actors — most of the conversation scenes play out in long takes with minimal camera movement — yields poignant rewards. But even the spurs of levity can’t negate the sorrow motivating most of the characters’ behavior. Early in the movie, Toby worries about the prospect of their getting caught, only to have Tanner cut him down, as if the thought were meaningless. “I never met nobody got away with anything, ever,” he says, (Danny King)
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8/26 CID
8/26 HOLY TRINITY
8/27 TRAUMA ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY
8/27 PLUGGEDIN.LA
8/28 REFLEX
8/28 DISKO BOOGIE #DOTHECONCERT
9/3 MANDATORY UNDERVERSE
9/3 KLUB LA: LABOR DAY WEEKEND PARTY
9/3 MYKKI BLANCO

9/10 “REMEMBER” ALL VINYL ALL NIGHT “DANCE OFF THE DUST” POST BURN DECOM EDITION
9/16 ELECTRONIC ENLIGHTENMENT PRESENTS DMT & DACK JANIELS
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8/26 CLUB 90’S
8/27 SHABBAAAA
8/28 REVAMP: A MUSIC COMPETITION
8/28 KNOCK-TURN’AL
8/29 BLACK UHURU
8/31 HOLY SHIT!
8/31 THA NATIVE
9/2 ANA SIA
9/4 AFRO LITUATION - A LABOR DAY PARTY
9/6 THE MOTH
9/7 STREET SOUNDZ

EVEN MORE COMING SOON:

9/10 BASHMENT BOOGIE
9/10 TEMPLE OF CHAOS
9/13 MORTUARY DRAPE
9/16 WIFISFUNERAL
9/16 STEFAN SEAY
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9/17 ROCK EN ESPANOL FEST
9/24 IN THE MEANIME TOUR

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SUNDAYS
LOS GLOBOS LOCALS foundation reggae
Gonjasufi was ready to quit. The San Diego native turned desert mystic had just released Muzzle, his 2012 sophomore LP, on Warp Records. But despite critical acclaim, he felt broken and disgusted by the music industry.

The onetime yoga teacher had become similarly alienated from his previous profession, too. So he sold his Bikram studio, went on tour and developed a drug addiction on the road. To further compound his misery, he got swindled.

“My tour manager fucked me out there and I blasted my booking agency for not returning my emails. I was really on some ahole of me because I hadn’t been returning their emails. I was really on some ‘Fuck everyone, I’m over this’ shit.”

The money from the sample allowed Gonjasufi to relocate from Vegas and purchase a house in Joshua Tree.

“Right now, during the day it’s like Celsius hell,” he jokes. “But the desert nights are heaven to me.”

He continued to make music during his sabbatical and eventually was inspired to finish what became Callus, released this week on Warp. His latest de- ranged opus is a bloodshot and doomed yelp of an album, operating at the nexus between heaven and hell, organic beauty and hideous disfiguration.

The self-produced set is a demonic canticle that captures the dystopian numbness of the summer of 2016, somewhere between the opiated bloodletting of Nirvana’s In Utero, the industrial clank of Portishead’s Third and the white noise in your head when it feels like you’re going insane.

“I gave too much of myself on A Sufi and a Killer,” Gonjasufi says, referring to his 2010 breakthrough, a collaboration with longtime friend The Gaslamp Killer. “I felt like I needed a callus around my heart chakra to protect what’s sacred and shit.”

In conversation, Gonjasufi is just about the rawest motherfucker you’ll ever meet. There’s no pretense or subterfuge. He’s hardcore and deceptively sensitive — overly analytical but determined to find some version of simplicity. Rarely do five fundamental evils of existence. He’s savage but righteous.

“I’m just trying to find a way to channel all the fucked-up torment and pour it into the art,” Gonjasufi says. “I hope this album makes people want to go into the dark and not be afraid of that shit, to believe in themselves and find the messiah within.”

An L.A. native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Shots Fired podcast. Find him online at passionweiss.com.
DEEP DIVING IN DUSSELDORF

One of the great things about the internet is that it makes it easy for us to check out music from all over the world. We become curious and off we go. As online commerce has grown, many record stores now let you scan their inventories through sites such as Discogs. Suddenly, your options are almost infinite. But now and then, you can really be surprised.

I had but hadn’t seen for sale in years. It was as if someone’s record collection was on sale. At this point, having a great day at a record store occurs with almost predictable infrequency. But now and then, you can really score. I am still buzzing from a record store experience that transpired only hours ago.

Slowboy Records is a vendor on Discogs and a record store in Dusseldorf from which I have bought more than once. Its selection is beyond impressive. Road manager Ward contacted Slowboy while I was in Dusseldorf for a show and asked if the store was open. The owners told Ward the store was closed and that it was actually moving, but they’d open for us. We would be the last two customers in the present location.

We arrived around 1230 hrs., met owners Günter and Andreas, and almost immediately started pulling great titles. I found records that I had but hadn’t seen for sale in years. It was as if someone’s record collection was on sale. There is a record I have been obsessed with for decades. It’s not hard to find but there are some interesting variations. It’s a five-song 12-inch by The Cramps, called Gravenst Hits. It contains the band’s first two singles, “Human Fly” / “The Way I Walk” and “Domino” / “Surfin’ Bird,” along with a fifth track, exclusive to the record when it was pressed in summer 1979, a cover of the Baker Knight classic “Lonesome Town.” It is one of my favorite 12-inch EPs, rivaling the Clash’s Nowadays by Devo.

Over the decades, I have sought out all the early versions of Gravenst. One that had been eluding me was the ultra-dark purple vinyl pressing. It looks black but, when you hold it to strong light, it is indeed purple. Slowboy Records had it, as well as an LP version of A Right Royal Fuck Up, a Damned bootleg that I previously had only on CD. Yellow Swans and XBRX singles I was in need of were there, as was the clear vinyl version of The Oh Sees’ “Carol Ann” single, which stands to reason, as Slowboy put it out in 2008.

Put it this way: if you were starting from scratch, this store would be a very useful one-stop.

A row of framed posters caused both road manager Ward and me to stare in awe. There was a promo poster for the first Neu! album, the band formed by Klaus Dinger and Michael Rother after they left Kraftwerk, released on Brain Records in 1972. There was a poster with “Klüster” at the top and “Elektrische Eruption” at the bottom, which I guessed was a promo poster for Kluster album Enselion, released by Kluster member Conrad Schnitzler in a pressing of 100 in 1971. There was a poster for a Kraftwerk/Cluster show and one for a multi-night live show in December 1970 featuring Kluster, Tangerine Dream, Amon Düül, Ash Ra Tempel [sic] and Agitation Free. We were looking at some serious kosmische musik history!

We asked Günter and Andreas where the hell they had located these. Apparently the Kluster poster (part of a stack) was underneath Schnitzler’s couch for many years. His wife was going to toss them out and was persuaded to sell them to Slowboy instead. The Neu! poster came directly from Neu! member Klaus Dinger, which doesn’t get any better, provenance-wise.

We asked if there were extras of any of these for sale. Why yes, there were. Interested?

Ward and I were able to go through several copies of the Kluster poster, all hand-screened, in varying states of ink density, and pick out two great ones. I also apprehended copies of the other posters, as I am pretty sure that opportunity won’t be happening again.

“So, you like posters?” one of the Slowboys asked. He started pulling open drawers and showing me other ones they had. Tour posters for The Fall, Grotesque album era, and The Damned from the 1980 Black Album tour dates, never used, stared up at me. I had never seen the Fall poster, and I’d seen only severely damaged versions of the Damned poster. A vendor the Slowboys know used to go to the poster printer and buy overruns, then sell them to the store.

A little more than three hours after we arrived, road manager Ward and I staggered out of Slowboy, vinyl and poster tubes in tow. It was one of the most amazing record store days in memory.

I am sure interest among the world’s population in this kind of thing is severely limited, but I feel lucky to be among this grain of sand-sized demographic. It is finds like the ones I just detailed that make all the other record store crawls where I find nothing completely worth it. You must remain relentless. The search will never end!
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**Guided by Voices**

@ TERAGRAM BALROOM

Venerable (makes ‘em sound boring; they’re not) mysteries-of-melody-pop champs Guided by Voices have a new lineup. Former GBV guitarist Doug Gillard recently rejoined the band to rock the rock with Kevin March on drums, Bobby Bare Jr. on the guitar and Mark Shue on slinging bass. There are those who will insist that singer/multi-instrumentalist Robert Pollard is GBV — Pollard wrote, recorded and played all the instruments on the 15 short, sweet songs on the band’s latest album, Please Be Honest. But the visionary big cheese’s live backing combos have been an important part of the impact of Pollard’s songs, which are genuine jewels of pop songcraft from a restless mind filled to bursting with seemingly the entire history of great English/American rock & roll at his fingertips. Also Saturday–Sunday, Aug. 20–21. —Falling James

**Chuck Mosley & Friends**

@ THE TROUBADOUR

There’s little doubt that when funk-punk vets Faith No More replaced singer Chuck Mosley with the undeniably brilliant Mike Patton back in 1988, they made the right call. When Mosley and his swinging dreadlocks went on to front Bad Brains immediately afterward, it looked like everyone was winning. But about a year later, Mosley was without a band again, and he’s struggled ever since, financially and artistically. That’s a shame, because his writing and singing on the first two FNMs albums, We Care a Lot and Introduce Yourself, are oftentimes exceptional. His work with the bands Cement and VUA is a shadow of that, although recent electro project Inoria is interesting. His “Introduce Yourself” tour is billed as solo, though the “& Friends” adds a little mystery and suggests a career-spanning set. —Brett Callwood

**Rostam, Jlin, Sparkle Division**

@ BROAD MUSEUM

The Broad Museum’s Summer Happenings music and multimedia series continues with what is described as an evening of “pop music, footwork and yoga” titled Bling Bling, Pop Sensibilities. The big draw here is ex–Vampire Weekend producer/multi-instrumentalist Rostam Batmanglij, who will be performing his more electronic-leaning solo material accompanied by dancers and a string quartet. The strings should add a nice layer of romance to swooning tracks such as “Gravity Don’t Pull Me” and “EOS.” The footwork part of the bill comes courtesy of Jlin, who brings exotic flair to the stuttering beats and rumbling bass lines of the Chicago-bred dance-music mutation. Also on tap: ambient/avant-garde composer William Basinski’s brand-new project, Sparkle Division; the gender-bending electro-pop of Macy Rodman; and a participatory African yoga session led by new-media artist Tabita Rezaire.

—Andy Hermann

**Sun 8/21**

**Digable Planets**

@ REGENCY THEATER

“We be to rap what key be to lock,” Ishmael “Butterfly” Butler coolly declared on Digable Planets’ breakthrough 1993 single, “Rebirth of Slick (Cool Like Dat).” He and his partners in the influential Brooklyn rap trio — Mary Ann “Ladybug Mecca” Vieira and Craig “Doodlebug” Irving — exchanged sly verses that unlocked the early-’90s hip-hop formula and opened it up into something more ambitious and free-flowing. Whereas other rap groups of the era were all about braggadocio and materialism, Digable Planets have always been up to something far more mysterious. Their first two albums, Reachin’ (A New Refutation of Time and Space) and Blowout Comb, were built atop insidiously hypnotic bass lines and intercut with bursts of jazz. The trio have broken up several times, but they seemingly can’t escape returning to those irresistible grooves. Also Monday, Aug. 22. —Falling James

**Mon 8/22**

**Nico Yaryan, Brainstory**

@ THE BOOTLES

Once Nico Yaryan was breakout rocker Hanni El Khatib’s drummer — perhaps you remember those days, when they played the tiny-room circuit on the Eastside? But now that Hanni El Khatib is internationally established, Yaryan arrives with an album of his own. His solo
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LA WEEKLY BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT DISTRICT

LA WEEKLY
tue 8/23

Heart, Joan Jett, Cheap Trick
@ THE FORUM
This bill might have made more sense in 1980, when all three bands were closer to their peak in popularity and critical acclaim. And while it’s tempting to dismiss this triumvirate of recent additions to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame as merely quaint oldies acts, they are still capable of some surprises. Cheap Trick and Joan Jett have the most in common musically, as they both emerged during the back-to-basics revisionism of the punk era and are directly influenced by the same early-’70s glitter-rock bands. Joan Jett and Cheap Trick have each released surprisingly worthy albums in recent years, even if most of their fans prefer the same old greatest-hits sets. Ann Wilson can still sing with the best of them, but Heart’s recent albums are filled with glossily produced, generic ballads. —Falling James

Mondo Drag, Flying Hair
@ THE ECHO
Mondo Drag are one of those heavy bands that come from another planet, where everything looks like a Chris Foss sci-fi paperback cover (Google him, your nerdy inner child will appreciate the opportunity to reminisce) and everything looks like a Chris Foss sci-fi paperback cover (Google him, you nerdy inner child will appreciate the opportunity to reminisce). But the Quiasloads man has increasingly brought his musicality and personality to Deftones’ dense yet diverse art-metal, to the point of becoming almost a co-frontman with singer Chino Moreno. Eighth album Gore, released in April, revisits the Sacramento quintet’s traditional sonic tension (essentially between Moreno’s mumbled incantations and guitarist Stephen Carpenter’s ominous sludge) but balances head and heart perhaps more effectively than anything since 2000’s career-defining White Pony. With Carpenter employing ultra-dark seven- and eight-string guitars, Vega is expanding Deftones’ mid-fi vocabulary by exploring a higher-tuned Fender Bass VI while, onstage, sharing both vocal duties and sheer joie de vivre with Moreno. —Paul Rogers

Save Ferris, Cibo Matto
@ SANTA MONICA PIER
Following a long absence that included lawsuits, member squabbles and the eventual awarding of the band’s name to singer Monique Powell, ’90s ska-punk favorites Save Ferris finally appear to be getting back to making music. Following several small but successful shows in town, Powell and her new bandmates face their biggest test yet, playing before thousands at Santa Monica Pier’s popular Twilight Concert Series. Save Ferris are gearing up for their first new album in 15 years, and first in this incarnation, which was funded through PledgeMusic. Also appearing are Cibo Matto, whose blend of art pop, trip-hop and lyrics about food made them a late-’90s cult favorite. —Daniel Kohn
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Fun Stringband, The L.A. River Rover, Sat., Aug. 20, 4 p.m., free. Mister Paradise, Oxen & Outlaws, Sara Petite, Patrolled by Radar, Joe Boudret, Colin Harris Jr., Grant Robez, Sun., Aug. 21, 1 p.m., free.

COUTURE: 1640 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Los Angeles.
Carmen Jones, Sat., Aug. 20, 7 p.m., $25 & up.


EASTSIDE LUV WINE BAR Y QUESO: 1835 E. First St., Los Angeles. Nancy Sanchez, Wed., Aug. 24, 8 p.m.


THE ECHOPLEX: 1154 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles.

EL CENTRO DEL PUEBLO: 1157 Lemoine St., Los Angeles.
Echo Park Rising, with Lucky Diaz, The Hollow Trees, The L.A. River Rover, Bob Baker Marionettes, Sat., Aug. 20, 9 a.m.-2:30 p.m., free.


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Molly Malone’s: 575 S. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles. The Trash Mermarchs, Wed., Aug. 24, 8 p.m., TBA. Levysian, Thu., Aug. 25, 9 p.m., TBA.

MRS. FISH: 448 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Concrete Kiss, Thu., Aug. 25, 8 p.m., free.

Ohm Nightclub: 6801 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Wiz Khalifa, Thu., Aug. 25, 9 p.m., TBA.

Pappy & Harriet’s Pioneertown Palace: 53088 Pioneertown Road, Pioneertown. The Moves Collective, Fri., Aug. 19, 8 p.m., free. Diane Coffee, Watertower, Sat., Aug. 20, 8:30 p.m., TBA. The Sunday Band, Sundays, 7:30 p.m., free. Campout 12 with Kolars, Hickman, The Dalton Gang, Skylar Gudasz, Thu., Aug. 25, 7 p.m., TBA.


$10. Working on Dying, Booty Chaaain, Chxpo, Dizzy Off, Step 4 Change, Lock, SKS, Wed., Aug. 24, 8 p.m., Body, Full of Hell, Authority Figure, Whelm, Master's Gem, The Alpha Bronze, Sun., Aug. 21, 6 p.m., $10. The Sat., Aug. 20, 6 p.m., $8. Dangers, Creative Adult, Paranoias, La Resistencia, South Central Skankers, Vel

Emily Gold, Sat., Aug. 20, 5:30 p.m., free.


Butch Bastard, Bart Davenport, in the Champagne Moon Honey, Cellars, Fakers, Brit Manor, Warbly Jets, p.m., free; Echo Park Rising, with Adult Books, Kolars, Dane, on the Liberty Stage, Sat., Aug. 20, 2:30-10 p.m.; through Aug. 24, 8:30 & 10:30 p.m., $55-$65; David Garfield, Thu., Aug. 25, 8:30 & 10:30 p.m., TBA. Phil Raneline, Sun., Aug. 21, 6 p.m., $15.


**SATURDAY, AUG. 20**

**DIY WILD WOMAN:** In a program TBA, Sat., Aug. 20, 7:30 p.m., free. Antelope Valley Fairgrounds, 6150 E. Avenue H, Lancaster.

**SNOOP DOGG: Wiz Khalifa:** With Kevin Gates, Jhene Aiko, Casey Veggies, DJ Drama, 7 p.m., TBA, Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre, 8800 Irvine Center Drive, Irvine.

**BRITISH SUMMER CELEBRATION: THE WOMEN WHO SCORE: SOUNDTRACKS LIVE:** With Dice Soho, Trill Sammy, 8 p.m., TBA. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

**THE WOMEN WHO SCORE: THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS: תו-ת:** In a program TBA, Fri., Aug. 19, 8 p.m., TBA, The Observatory. See Music Pick.


**BLOOD ORANGE:** With Jarryd James, 8 p.m., TBA, The Forum, 3900 W. Manchester Blvd. See Music Pick.

**THE CliCk**

**TOPANGA CANYON BLUES:** With Brother Brown, 9 p.m., TBA, The Canyon, 7165 Topanga Canyon Blvd., Woodland Hills.

**THE CALIFORNIA STRING QUARTET: JULIEN BAKER:** With Rostam, Sparkle Division, Jlin, Macy Rodman, Tabita Rezaire, 8:30 p.m., free. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 601 Grand Ave., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS:** With JB & the Big Circle Riders, 5 p.m., TBA, The Observatory. See Music Pick.

**DIA DE LAS HERMANAS:** With Chicano Batman, 8:30 p.m., TBA. Rose Bowl, 1001 Rose Bowl Drive, Pasadena. See Music Pick.

**PACIFIC SYMPHONY:** With Tablet, 8 p.m., TBA, Grand Central Market, 317 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

**OREGON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA:** With Antoine Plante, 8 p.m., TBA, Majestic Theatre, 1112 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.

**CALIFORNIA PHILHARMONIC:** With Sarah Cambidge, 8 p.m., TBA, Walt Disney Concert Hall, 1111 S. Grand Ave, Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**CHEAP TRICK:** With Chelly & the Heartgombers, 8 p.m., TBA, The Troubadour, 9085 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. See Music Pick.

**BROOKLYN TABERNACLE CHORUS:** In a program TBA, Wed., Aug. 24, 8 p.m., TBA, Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**THE ORCHESTRA:** With Linda Burney, 8 p.m., TBA, The Mayan Theatre, 600 S. Spring St., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**THE WRECKS:** In a program TBA, Wed., Aug. 24, 8 p.m., TBA, Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

**THE SOUTH:** In a program TBA, Wed., Aug. 24, 8 p.m., TBA, The Music Box / Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**THE OBVIOUS THEORY:** With Jeanette, 8 p.m., TBA, The Roxy Theatre, 2712 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

**THE HENDRIX EXPERIENCE:** In a program TBA, Wed., Aug. 24, 8 p.m., TBA, The Hollywood Palladium, 6151 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.
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PATIENT APPRECIATION DAY
8/20
FIRST 100 PATIENTS GET
FREE 1/3TH W/$40+ MIN DON
NEXT 50 PATIENTS GET
FREE 0.5G OF WAX W/$35+ MIN DON
$30 CAP ON EXCLUSIVES,
$25 CAP EVERYTHING ELSE
• BOHO ON EDIBLES • FREE GOODIE BAG W/$25+ MIN DON
• FREE DAB W/$10+ MIN DON • $10 OFF WAX GRAMS ($35+)
 • SPIN THE WHEEL W/$30+ MIN DON
VENDOR SAMPLING FROM 12PM-6PM FROM
ZEN BRANDS • CHONG’S CHOICE • CROWN EXTRACTS
TREE BASE KLEAR • SLOTH BARS • DANK TANK • TWIN BUDDHA
REFER A FRIEND, GET 1 FREE SELECT GRAM OF FLOWER
FREE RAFFLE ENTRY+GIVEAWAYS•FOOD FROM 3PM-6PM
PRESS YOUR OWN ROSIN
BEST DEALS
ON TBK!
OVER 50 DIFFERENT EXTRACTS
AND VARIOUS EDIBLES
KIVA CONFECTIONS
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OIL REFINERY
HONEY POT
DANK TANK
BLOOM
TREE BASE KLEAR
NINJA KITTY
MILF N COOKIES
OH GEE GRANDMA
EDIPURE
THE CURE CO.
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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR CHANGE OF NAME
Case No. LS028276
Superior Court of California County of Los Angeles Superior Court District - East Building located in 6250 Sylmar Avenue, Room 107 Van Nuys, CA 91401. On 7/22/16 - In the matter of petitioner Negan Sapir. It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the above-entitled matter of change of name appear before the above-entitled court as follows to show cause why the petition for change of name should not be granted. Located at 6250 Sylmar Avenue, Room 107 Van Nuys, CA 91401 - County of Los Angeles Superior Court District - East Building. And a petition for change of name having been duly filed with the clerk of this Court, and it appearing from said petition that said petitioner(s) desire(s) to have his name changed from: Nuri Anis Scimeca to Nuri Ihaba Scimeca. Now therefore, it is hereby ordered that all persons interested in the said matter of change of name appear as indicated herein above then and there to show cause why the petition for change of name should not be granted. It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the LA Weekly, a newspaper of general circulation for the County of Los Angeles, once a week for four (4) successive weeks prior to the date set for hearing of said petition. Set to publish 08/11/16, 08/18/16, 09/1/16, 9/8/16. Dated: August 16, 2016.

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